

The Richmond Business Directory

Give these Firms Your Patronage.

PHONE 1358.

ORDER YOUR LIQUORS

FROM
PHIL G. KELLY,
Richmond, Va.

Mail Orders Promptly Shipped.
Straight Whiskies A Specialty.
Clifton Springs best \$2. Goods on Earth.

ESTABLISHED 1850

John F. Kohler, Jeweler.

209 E. Broad Street.

Watches, Diamonds, Jewelry and Cut Glass.

Repairing a specialty. Mail orders promptly filled.

A. C. SINTON, President. J. J. SUTTON, Secretary

WATT PLOW COMPANY,

Farm Implements, Machinery, Vehicles and Harness.

1452 Franklin Street, Richmond, Va.

N. R. SAVAGE AND SON,

No. 1215 East Cary St., Richmond, Va

COMMISSION MERCHANTS AND WHOLESALE DEALERS IN
Hay, Grain, Flour, Mill-Feed, Seed Potatoes, and all
kinds of Grass Seed. Etc.

PRICES ON APPLICATION.

OUR SHOES

will cover much ground before they are ground out—will not hurt, but the prices will tickle you. Whenever you think of shoes—think of

C. F. CROSS, 313 E. BROAD ST

Drewry, Hughes & Co

IMPORTERS OF
DRY GOODS AND NOTIONS.

Clay Drewry, S. B. Hughes, Geo. C. Freeman, J. W. B. Beasley, S. W. Travers, J. H. H. Entes, W. A. Williams

Tanner Paint and Oil Company,

P. O. Box 180. 1419 East Main Street

Paints, Varnishes, Oils and Brushes.

Steam Dyeing, Scouring & Carpet Cleaning Works.

Richmond, Va. — Virginia

Men's Suits cleaned and pressed, \$1.00
" " Dyed, 2.25
Dresses, Cloaks, Ribbons, Gloves, and
Plumes, etc., cleaned or dyed.

Suits or small packages Left at
Garage Office will be brought and re-
turned FREE OF CHARGE!

MRS. A. J. FYLE,
135 N. 5th St., Richmond, V.

Bacteria in the Bills.

Prof. Black, of Wisconsin, declares that there are 97,897,432 bacteria on a one dollar bill. We knew the number was large, remarks the Washington Post, but could never keep the bill long enough to complete the count.

Excusable.

Mr. Joseph Gotobed resides in Kansas. A man with that name, remarks the Chicago Record-Herald, might almost be pardoned if he exhibited a disposition to lie around.

Women's Business Directory.

Business women of Boston have had a new honor thrust upon them, namely, that of having a directory of their very own. Not a man's name appears in any list. But it does show women engaged in occupations which many believe to be controlled exclusively by men. In not the book reveals that woman can do just about everything that is worth doing at all. And of course they do it well. The business women's directory may be called an enlightening as well as interesting work and in time may be und chained in every drug store along with the big brother.—Boston Transcript

The Manager Domesticated

By BELLE MANIATES

Copyright, 1903, by Daily Story Pub. Co.

THE Union Wheel company were building new offices in front of the factory. During the process of erection an unoccupied dwelling house was rented and the manager, the cashier, draughtsman and Mae Neilson, a stenographer, recently added to the payroll of the company, were installed therein.

The latter derived much amusement from the novelty of pursuing office duties amid such domestic surroundings. She insisted on referring to the rooms by their original names, and the other employees soon followed suit. After a few days it did not cause laughter to hear that the draughtsman was in the kitchen, the cashier in the parlor, and the bookkeeper in the hall. The dining room was reserved for the manager, who was absent from the city when the offices were moved.

Mae Neilson was assigned to the pantry, an unusually large one with a window looking on a flower garden. The shelves made convenient receptacles for office supplies.

When John Alberts, the manager, returned from his trip he immediately asked the bookkeeper where the stenographer was.

"She is in the kitchen," replied the bookkeeper, abstractedly.

"Where?" asked the astonished manager. Then suddenly comprehending the plan of the house, he grinned and passed on to the last room, where he found his stenographer engaged in making a crock of lemonade. For, on the first warm day, she had organized a lemonade fund box and contributions thereto had been generous.

She looked up expecting to see the cashier, but when she saw the "unapproachable boss," as the bookkeeper called him, she was covered with momentary confusion. As for Alberts, himself, he had scarcely glanced at the new stenographer before. During the few times he had dictated letters to her he had not been conscious of what manner of woman might be bending over the notes, and at the close of the dictation he had always quickly walked away. Now he critically scanned the dark, curling lashes, the delicate skin, the scarlet lips and the beautiful eyes.

"Would you not like a glass of lemonade?" she asked, courteously, recovering her self-possession.

He would. It was a very warm day and she was thirsty.

"I know its out of hours," he said, after finishing a second glass of the refreshing drink "but could you take a letter now, Miss—?" He failed to recall her name.

"Certainly," she replied. "Come into the pantry," and she led the way to her office.

Little wrinkles of mirth crept into the corners of his eyes.

"So, you work in the pantry? I'll sit here in the window," he said, as he looked about for a chair.

He mechanically dictated the letter while he kept his eyes and attention riveted on the golden-crowned head so daintily poised over the book. As he rose to leave the room a little bunch of spring blossoms on her desk caught his eye and he found himself wondering whether the bookkeeper or cashier had presented them.

The manager came down early to the office the next morning, but his stenographer was already there; he saw her gloves and parasol in the pantry. He went into the kitchen and, chancing to look out of the window, saw her bending over a flowerbed, loosening the earth and removing weeds. He was quickly at her side.

"Let me do that," he said, taking the trowel from her. "Do you engage in this kind of work often?"

"Ever since we came over here. I discovered these flowerbeds and it seemed a pity not to take care of them."

"There!" he said, presently rising. "This is the first field work I've done in years. You have gathered quite a bouquet, I see."

"Yes; I have had one every morning since we've been here."

"Did the flowers on your desk yesterday come from these beds?"

"Yes," she replied, surprised at the question.

While the manager was opening his mail it suddenly occurred to him that he would like to know his stenographer's name. In a few moments Campbell, the cashier, went into the pantry.

"Mae," he said, "here are the enclosures for the Dixon letter."

The manager scowled his displeasure. Was she the kind of girl to let men, especially men whom she met in business, call her by her first name?

Presently Mae Neilson went to her door. He did not sit on a window this time.

"What do people call you when they don't know you well enough to call you by your first name?" he asked, sarcastically.

She looked up at him in surprise, a transparent pink coming into her cheeks at his caustic tones.

"My name is Mae Neilson," she said, quietly, opening her note book and placing her pencil on the first red line, awaiting his dictation. He felt rebuked. He dictated as fast as he could, hoping to derive some satisfaction from confusing her, but there was not a tongue in the establishment too nimble for the supple fingers of the young stenographer to follow. While she busily clicked off the letters the manager was accusing himself of injustice. It was not his place to prescribe surnames for the office force. Most likely she was engaged to Campbell. He noticed during the forenoon that the other employees called her Miss Neilson in tones most respectful. When the 12 o'clock whistle blew Miss Neilson did not leave with the others. The manager paused on his way out. A sudden summer shower was falling and he had no umbrella. He returned to look for one.

"Don't you go to dinner, Miss Neilson?"

"No; I live so far from here, and I dislike the crowded restaurants. I bring my luncheon."

"Well, I don't know but what I will have to telephone for mine. I can't find an umbrella."

Miss Neilson hesitated.

"My mother always puts twice as much in my basket as I can eat. If you would like some sandwiches—and I am making coffee—"

"That sounds very inviting," he replied, and if you are sure you have enough to divide, I will accept your offer."

Mae was soon setting forth a luncheon. From the cupboard she produced an alcohol coffee lamp and while the coffee and steam were engaged in a vapory struggle she brought forth a little typewriting table, and covering it with a couple of napkins, laid out the contents of her luncheon basket—lettuce sandwiches, deviled eggs, cottage cheese, olives and sugared doughnuts. From the cupboard she also fetched salt, pepper, sugar and dishes—from the water cooler a bottle of cream.

The manager looked up with amazement and admiration at these little householdly acts.

"I didn't know the office afforded such capabilities," he exclaimed.

She laughed blithely.

"Of course I couldn't expect to live so luxuriously in a regular office, but in this house with all its conveniences for keeping dishes and things it seemed possible and pleasant."

When the coffee was made they sat down to a cozy little meal.

"I never felt so domestic before," he averred.

Having boarded at a hotel the greater part of his life, with his mid-day meal snatched from a nearby railway station eating room, this dainty little luncheon seemed to him most palatable and digestible.

"I haven't eaten such doughnuts since I was a boy," he exclaimed.

"Now, see here, Miss Neilson, why couldn't we do this every noon? I'll keep the larder there well supplied."

Could this be the grim manager? She assured him he was perfectly welcome to her hospitality, and there followed a week of dainty little luncheons. In business hours she did not presume upon their noon-time intimacy, but was as professional as heretofore. One day Alberts sat meditating an invitation to Mae to attend the theater that evening, he heard the cashier say:

"Don't forget, Mae, that this is the night we take in the theater."

"As if I could forget!" she replied, with a happy little laugh.

The manager was particularly disagreeable during the rest of the day. The next morning Campbell came to him.

"Mr. Alberts," he asked, "may I be out for an hour? I want to go to the train to meet my wife."

His wife! And she went to the theater with a married man! He gave the permission in his curtest tones. Just before noon he stepped to Miss Neilson's door and said, coldly:

"I lunch down town to-day."

He saw a hurt look come into her beautiful eyes, but he stalked away to tough beefsteak and muddy coffee.

That afternoon Mae's fingers fairly flew over the typewriter. At half after four she came to the manager's desk.

"Mr. Alberts, my letters are all copied and mailed. May I be excused now?"

"Yes," he replied, shortly, wondering grimly if she might be going to meet—a husband—perhaps.

She pinned on her hat, took up her gloves, purse and parasol and then came to the telephone, which was in the dining-room.

"604, please. Is this Mrs. Campbell's residence? Why, Alice, I didn't recognize your voice—so long since I have heard it. How are you? Had a good time? Yes, I am coming right up now. Got off early to-day."

As she passed his desk the manager couldn't resist saying with a sneer:

"Are you a friend of Mrs. Campbell's?"

"She is my sister," she replied in surprised tones.

She passed out the door and the manager's desk closed with a quick bang. He caught his hat and overtook her a short way from the office.

"Mayn't I go with you?" he asked, humbly.

Her eyes brightened in unmistakable pleasure and the little wave of pink swept deliciously over her winsome face.

"Yes," she said, softly.

Last Longer.

"I," remarked the younger politician proudly, "have had 30 babies named after me. It will be a long time before my name is forgotten."

"It will be a longer time before mine is," retorted the second politician. "I have had a brand of cigars named after me—and I smoked one. It will be fully 100 years before they are smoked up—if I am any judge of tobacco."—Cincinnati Times-Star.

Not So Much of a Change.

Canada, wishing to give a Chinaman whom it exported to the United States a change of climate, put him in a refrigerator car. The comparative mildness of the latter atmosphere, remarks the Louisville Herald, proved fatal to the celestial.

First Offense.

An odd scene took place in an English police court the other day when Lord Brassey, the British naval expert, was summoned for riding a bicycle without a light. "Lord Brassey has not been convicted before," inquired the chairman of the bench, who happened to be his son-in-law. "Nothing known, I presume?" "No, sir," said the superintendent. "Fined a shilling and costs." "In default of distress," asked the clerk, "any time allowed sir?" Fortunately Lord Brassey was able to scrape the necessary sum together, and the incident ended happily.

COLOR LINE ON STOCK FARM.

Indiana Breeder Will Raise None But White Animals—Has Other Unique Ideas.

A stock farm as unusual in makeup as it is in methods is Rosemount, one mile east of Millersville, Ind., says the Indianapolis News. The farm is owned and operated by Charles J. Buchanan. Rosemount farm consists of 80 acres, and is a sister farm of Rosedale. Mr. Buchanan became possessed of Rosemount three years ago, and immediately began a movement to make it a foremost Hoosier stock farm. His first thought was to make the place unique, and he began buying stock that was all white. To-day Rosemount stock farm is the home of white animals, from various kinds of fowls to white Percheron horses and white Angora goats.

Mr. Buchanan has adopted an original plan of indicating the birth of stock on his farm. He began raising stock in 1900, and all animals that first saw the light of day in that year received names beginning with A. The plan applies to all pedigreed stock. His Denmark saddle stallion was the title of Adam that year. A pair of mares of the list of 1900 were named Amber and Alpha. The next year the names applied were such as Bernice, Beaumont, Barry, etc. It is the intention of Mr. Buchanan to carry out the plan through the coming years, and he finds it easy to recall the ages of his stock by the names given.

Crystallized Tears.

A tear from the eye of a white person is composed of water, salt, soda phosphate of soda and mucus. From the eye of an African the elements composing the tear are found to be the same as that of a white, with the single exception of the phosphate of soda, and with the addition of a slight trace of ammonia. Eskimos and Finns shed tears, but when they do cry they shed tears that are exceedingly salty. It is interesting to know that the chemical elements in the Caucasian tear arrange themselves into particles that look like fish bones under a microscope, while the same process of arrangement leaves the chemicals in an Eskimo's tear in the shape of a snow.

Economical Eskimos.

The Eskimo wastes nothing, says the World's Work. The careless white man drops a nail or throws away a broken tool or empty tobacco can. These are seized with avidity by the Eskimos, who convert them into articles more or less useful.

General Who Never Lost a Gun.

"I asked Wellington," wrote Lord Ellesmere, "whether he had ever made any rough computation of the number of guns he had taken in war." "No," he said, "but I should guess somewhere about 3,000. I took a prodigious quantity at Oporto and the whole French battering train at Ciudad Rodrigo, and at Vittoria and Waterloo I took every gun they had in the field. What, however, is more extraordinary, I never lost one of my guns."

THE WONDER-MITE.

I wonder why he goes away
And don't come home again all day;
But when I cry to see him go,
Looks down and says: "Now, Tut, you know."
You mischief you with eyes of brown,
That pop's just got to go to town,
What shall I bring you? You just wait
Till I come home, old trouble pate,
And you'll find out why pop's away
When he's a muzzer love all day."
And then I let him go, for I
Know something's in it by and by;
I wish though he'd cut out that splat
Of baby talk. It makes me feel
Like I am still a babe, you know,
And I was weaned two weeks ago.

He says: "I'm dot to make ze fings
To which oos baby fancy clings"
But why he has to go away
To make the things he doesn't say.
If he can make a pop-corn ball,
And stuffy oranges and all,
At all, it does seem like he'd be
Glad to make them right here by me;
But p'raps he thinks that I might see
Just how he makes such things for me,
And I might make a whole lot too
And eat and cause a big to-do
In what he calls by "tummy" and
Just make him walk to boot the band.
But now I'm hungry—I forget!
I'm weaned! I wish I wasn't yet!
—J. M. Lewis in Houston Post.

THE WEATHER IN JANUARY.

Mean Mid-Winter Temperature in Washington for the Past 33 Years Was 33 Degrees.

The weather bureau has issued a bulletin showing the weather conditions during the month of January for the past 33 years. The mean normal temperature for the month during that period was 33 degrees. The warmest January was in 1830, when the temperature averaged 44 degrees, and the coldest was in 1893, when the temperature averaged 25 degrees. The highest temperature ever recorded in Washington, D. C., during January was 76 degrees, which was reached by the thermometer January 12, 1890. The coldest was January 1, 1881, when the thermometer registered 14 degrees below zero. The average precipitation for the month during the 33 years was 3.50 inches. The greatest monthly precipitation was in 1833, when 7.09 inches of rain were registered, while in 1872, the smallest record was made when but 0.23 inches were registered. The greatest snowfall was on January 25, 1901, when 5 inches fell during the 24 hours. The average number of clear days during the month for the 33 years has been 9; the average partly cloudy days 10, and the average cloudy days 12. The wind has had a general velocity of 6.8 miles an hour during the month for the time recorded and the general direction has been northwest. January 30, 1894, the greatest velocity was obtained—44 miles per hour, in a northwesterly direction.

"A CANVAS-BACKED CLAM."

European Lady Traveling in America Thought She Saw That on the Bill of Fare.

Traveling on the continent of Europe with a party of young Americans, writes Thomas Wentworth Higginson, in Atlantic, I was witness of their dismay at being assailed from time to time by friendly English fellow travelers with such questions as these: "Is it not very lonely in America? Are there any singing birds there? Any wild flowers? Any bishops? Are there booths in the streets of New York? Do people read English books there? Have they heard of Ruskin; and how?" These were from the rank and file of questioners, while a very cultivated dyspeptic lost mate somewhat wither young people by asking, confidentially: "Are Harvard and Yale both in Boston?" a question which seemed to them as hopelessly bewildered as the remark of a lady just returned from the wonders of the new world, who had been impressed, like all visitors, with the possibilities offered in the way of food at the Baltimore dinner table. Her remark was with regard to having been asked a question which without doing a "canvas-backed clam."

FISH THAT LEAVE THE WAY.

Some One Has A Good Time On Their Native Element—The "Shake-head."

It is commonly supposed that all people die very much after the same fashion, that the way to heaven is the same for all, and that the only difference is in the time taken to get there. But a kind of fish that all men have heard of, and which is found in the waters of the sea, has been found to leave the way to heaven, and to go to a different place, and to do so in a very different manner.

In Holland carp are taken all winter long in a sea and sometimes only occasionally with water. The Dutch "shake-head" is quite happy even when his native pond dries up, and lies torpid till the next rainy season. The fish, gurnard will keep about an hour, lying going at it, and then it is minutes in quite a different position of 300 yards or so at a time. It is at that the average fisherman is not at all out of them, at any rate, can be out of it.

CASTORIA.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature

Wm. D. Galt